Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

BOOK I:
TWINS

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Before the Agenda. Before one teenage mutant with extraordinary powers targeted the X-Men, the Avengers, and the Fantastic Four… and succeeded in making the world's most beautiful superheroines into his playthings.

This is the story of how Miles first discovered his powers and learned how to use them. What would you do if you were an ordinary high school student, and one day you discovered you possessed the power to make any woman your willing and devoted slave?

Could you resist the temptation to act on your worst impulses? Or would you take a chance, and become a legend?

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Chapter 1:
Stefanie

I noticed the changes Stefanie was going through months before I noticed any changes in myself. In hindsight, that was strange — we were twins, after all, and if anything I was the older of the two of us, born 12 minutes before my sister.

Girls usually develop earlier than boys, but Stefanie's transformation was especially dramatic. My sister had always been tall, but in a matter of months she put on close to six inches, making her almost a head taller than me. At the same time, her body began to fill out, her hips rounding into a curvaceous hourglass figure, giving her a womanly and alluring look. Shapely, fulsome breasts suddenly stretched all her shirts taut where they hadn't before. Every week it seemed she and mom had to take a trip to Victoria's Secret for a new, bigger set of bras, because the old ones wouldn't fit her anymore. It was more than just my imagination… soon my sister was possessed of a set of full DDs.

There was no doubt about it… my twin sister Stefanie was a drop-dead knockout, a supermodel-level beauty that evoked the looks of some of the most gorgeous women in the world, like Sydney Sweeney or Mary Jane Watson, her fiery red hair cascading in wavy tresses down her back, hanging just above the jutting curves of her full, heart-shaped ass.

So later that fall, when we were both enrolled in the elite private Keystone Academy in the suburbs of Oak Park outside of Chicago, Stefanie effortlessly joined the ranks of the

most popular and desirable girls in the school. Even as a freshman, I saw my sister draw the attention of boys of every class, and moreover I saw her *enjoy* the attention, saw her thriving in the social universe of high school. I… was not so lucky.

I hadn't chosen to enroll in the academy, and my parents hadn't really asked. This particular life course was just one of those things that our family's extreme wealth dictated, and both my parents could care less what I personally wanted or thought. They'd always been distant, and it had somehow grown even worse as Stefanie and I had entered our teen years. We were a family in name only, really, because we were rarely all together under the same roof. Dad was away most of the year on business trips, and Mom was dealing with her various foundations and philanthropic ventures (at least, that's what she told us she was doing). So the sprawling mansion they'd bought for themselves was empty most of the time except for Stef and me.

I'd hoped that our wealth would grant me a slice of the same social status Stefanie enjoyed at Keystone Academy, but I soon learned the unfortunate truth: Everyone at this school was rich. Some of them, bafflingly, inconceivably wealthy. *Old* money that made my father's upstart pharmaceutical fortune look almost… cute.

So, as a lowly freshman pleb, at the periphery of the social scene, I merely *existed*. I went to class, I studied, I got good grades… and I privately *thrummed* with a passionate envy of my sister that grew stronger every day. It seemed she had become a different person — more mature, more confident, more beautiful. Stunningly beautiful, in fact, distractingly beautiful, even for me, her brother. Part of my jealousy, beyond her popularity, was undeniably tied to a latent attraction that had begun months prior, when she blossomed into the caricature of exaggerated female sexuality she now embodied.

Living with her was a daily routine of torture… She pranced around the house in skimpy crop-tops and yoga pants… Lounged by the pool in string bikinis, her massive breasts sloshing around on her chest, barely constrained within the straining cups of the swimwear… Tiptoed from the bathroom to her bedroom after a steamy shower with only the suggestion of a towel draped over her nubile form…

Worst of all, she sometimes invited her newfound friends over while I was home, and I was treated to a parade of unattainable beauties, some of them juniors and seniors, some from the dance team or cheerleading squad, all of whom looked at me with the same marked disdain you might give a smear of dog shit you noticed on the sole of your shoe.

And so, with every day, my unspeakable lust for Stefanie grew… as did my shame and revulsion at these taboo and incestuous thoughts… and both feelings in turn fed my frustration and my resentment toward my sister… my twin… my only real friend.

Such was the purgatory it seems I'd been consigned to as I entered high school.

That is… until the day I began to exhibit my *own* set of changes…

Chapter 2:
Changes

It all began abruptly, with no warning. In those early days I could have had no idea what the future would hold, but certain elements of fate were already swirling around me in a way I can only see through the lens of hindsight.

I'd been up late the night before, scrolling on my phone in bed. There had been some kind of terrorist attack or major disaster in New York City, and reports and photos were coming through on social media. Apparently the supergroup known as the Fantastic Four had been on the scene to handle clean-up. I eagerly sought out what images I could find of the world-famous heroes — Mr. Fantastic, The Thing, The Human Torch, and of course the beautiful Invisible Woman.

I lingered the longest on photos of the blonde bombshell, Susan Storm. She wore the familiar skintight, figure-hugging blue uniform, and my eyes raked over every curve, appreciating the cleft of her buttocks, the mound of an ample breast… her movie-star good looks, a classic beauty like Grace Kelly or Marilyn Monroe.

Superheroes had been popping up more and more in recent years, and something about them fascinated me. The Fantastic Four, the Avengers, the X-Men… they inhabited a world that was exciting and dangerous, and their women were beautiful and exotic.

When I was finally too tired to scroll anymore, I set my phone on my chest and passed out. I awoke the next morning to light streaming in through the window blinds, and a… strange sensation beneath my covers.

The first thing I noticed was a… heat, I suppose, and a *weight*. My blankets felt heavier than usual, like the lead apron they make you wear in the X-ray room at the dentist. I squirmed, and that's when I felt the unmistakeable squishy wetness saturating my legs and most of my lower body. I froze, heart leaping into my throat. My mind reeled. Had I… peed the bed? Surely not…

"Miles, are you up? The car's gonna be ready soon!" Stefanie's voice drifted from down the hall.

Fuck, it was Tuesday… A school day! I had to get ready. I didn't have time to mess around…

Swallowing heavily, I peeled my covers up… and gasped at what I saw underneath.

I had obviously experienced a "wet dream" before, but this was on a scale that was… it was… It was like nothing I could have imagined. The entire underside of my comforter was plastered in a thick, gooey, pudding-thick substance that I had a hard time believing was my own… cum. It was clumpy and yellowish, curdled and sticky, hanging in ropes

like stalactites in a cave as I held the blanket aloft with a trembling fist and surveyed the scene.

I had passed out in my underwear, and they were a complete mess… My nocturnal ejaculation had obviously filled them to bursting like a water balloon until the excess had erupted out all over the sheet covers, over my legs, over my belly. The residual jelly-thick slop still sat in my briefs, distending them sickly, oozing from the elastic waistline like mayo from an overloaded sandwich. Before my eyes, drips and drops of lumpy, chunky cum plopped audibly from the covers to my jism-smeared belly as I simply looked on in shock.

Beyond the unholy sight, the smell was the second thing to hit me. It washed over me in a rush an instant after I had lifted the cover, a tide of some rank, pungent, cloying *stink* I'd never known before. Something like hot garbage, or rotting meat, but with a sickly-sweet undertone… It was like being slapped, like sticking your face in a hot oven, and I instinctually winced and turned away from it, gagging a little.

"Miles, get up!" Stef called.

"Uhhhh… I'm up!" I shouted, somehow stammering out the words as my eyes locked on the insane mess beneath my covers. How was I gonna clean all this up? How was I gonna get ready for school with my sister right down the hall?

That's when things went from bad to worse. I heard her stamping down the hallway, giving me time to smash the covers down over my torso again an instant before she was standing in my doorway. I looked over, terrified, to behold my twin sister in all her glory.

Stef was clearly pissed at me for not being ready, but she was also only half-dressed herself, and that was a little distracting. She wore a faded denim miniskirt that showcased her long, shapely legs, and she hadn't finished buttoning her white blouse yet, so her cleavage was fully on display, stuffed into a lacy pink-bra that was holding on for dear life. Her pale, freckle-speckled titlfesh jiggled and bounced as she put her hand on one hip and glared at me.

"You don't look like you're up," she snarked.

"I… uh…" I tried to form words, my eyes darting from her face down into the deep canyon of cleavage before my eyes.

Suddenly, I felt something familiar… Familiar but unwelcome. A tightening in my lower body, a tensing, as my prick began to engorge and form an erection. My hands, still under the covers, swiftly darted down to contain it, my mind desperately willing my body not to give in to base arousal at this moment, with Stefanie right there in the room, and with that terrible, stinking, gloopy, disgusting mess under the covers.

As my hands found my cock, though, I was taken aback at what I felt. I'd had an

erection before, sure. Plenty of them, of course, wanted *and* unwanted. I was a high school freshman. But this… This was beyond any of that. My cock was stone-hard, diamond-hard, harder than I'd ever been before, harder than I knew a cock was *capable of becoming.* And it was bigger, too! Bigger than it had been the night before when I went to sleep, noticeably so. My fingers crept around its girth as I tried to tamp it down, forcing its rigid length against my thigh, and I felt it poking out the bottom of my boxer briefs. Impossible. It had more than doubled in size overnight!

I tried not to convey my shock as I stared down my irritable sister, still standing with one curvaceous hip cocked to the side in my bedroom doorway.

"Stef, please," I said through gritted teeth. "I just need a second. I'm gonna be ready. Get outta my room."

"What's that… smell?" she asked absently, sniffing the air.

"Huh?" I gulped, panicking, eyes darting around the room. "I don't… I mean, uh… What smell? I don't…"

"You don't smell that?" she asked, glancing around before her eyes settled on me. She took a step forward and with a pang of terror I felt my cock pulse beneath the sheets, yearning to spring up, to rise stiff and hard. It took all my strength to keep it down.

"Stef, no, I don't," I grimaced. "Please, get out of here. Go…"

"What are you doing under there?" she asked, smirking, taking another step forward, her tits jiggling and jouncing, her eyes locked on the exact spot where my cock was currently throbbing, shivering, straining against the fabric of my cum-soaked underwear. I was looking up at her beautiful face, her pink, pouting lips, her cute upturned nose, her wide-set green eyes, heavy-lidded with long black lashes…

"Nothing, Stef," I whined, lying pathetically. "C'mon, stop…"

"Seriously, you don't smell that?" she asked again, stepping forward haltingly, eyes now looking glazed-over, face blank and expressionless, almost as if she was in a trance. I watched as she drew nearer, not understanding except on some base, primal level, but I was fighting those instincts with every fiber of my being. I sometimes wonder what would have happened had I just given in at that exact moment. She was ready. We were both ready.

"Stef… Stef… *Stef!*" I shouted, and that finally seemed to snap her out of the trance. She jolted, standing now only a foot or two from my bed, and looked down on me with the usual disdain.

"Uhm… sorry…" She seemed unsure of her surroundings for a moment. "What did you say?"

“I said… I’m, uh… I’m sick. I have to take the day off,” I replied finally.

“Oh, okay,” she chirped. “Did you tell mom?”

“I’ll call her this morning,” I said. “She’s still at that thing in Sweden.”

“Cool,” she said, spinning on her heels and marching out into the hall.

I gasped a sigh of relief and relaxed, slumping back onto my pillow. Without my hands to hold it down, my cock sprung up immediately and stood straight like an iron girder, tenting the cum-sodden covers. I looked down at my problem with a mixture of fear and awe. How was I gonna get rid of this thing?

Chapter 3:
Solutions

Fifteen minutes later, Stefanie was out the front door and into the waiting towncar that would shepherd her across town to the Keystone Academy. Mom was at an investors conference in Stockholm, Dad was visiting a new facility outside of St. Louis, and I knew the housekeepers wouldn’t be by until after noon. I had the house to myself.

I pried the gunk-clogged sheets off my body again, tossing them heavily to the side, letting the cool fresh air of the room hit my moist, cum-sodden lower body. Again I was momentarily overcome by the noxious smell of all that clotted, curdled cum cream, and I remembered how Stefanie had reacted to the smell, how it seemed to affect her differently, how she seemed almost… transfixed by it…

My cock stood before me like a monolith, perfectly erect, spreading the fly in the front of my boxer-briefs wide around its tumescent girth and jutting upwards defiantly. I marveled at the sight. At first look, my dick didn’t resemble the appendage I’d known the day before. It didn’t even seem to be something that could realistically be attached to my body. It was thick, thicker around than a Coke can at the base, and I guessed it had to be… almost eight or nine inches of solid hard cock-meat, positively *pulsing* with a kind of ominous, dark energy. Even then, in that first moment, I knew inherently that it had *purpose,* even if I didn’t fully understand it yet.

My eyes ran down the shaft, along the vivid, cordlike veins tracing its length. I could practically see my own pulse thrumming in the thickest central vein, keeping the cock rigid, pumping blood into it, making it hard. My foreskin was spread wide around the protruding, bulbous head, like a boa constrictor trying to swallow an ostrich egg. My emerging glans was an angry purple, and my piss-slit was winking rhythmically. As I watched, the mouth belched up a pearly button of cream, which then oozed leisurely down the slope of my helmet-shaped cockhead.

I was aghast at the sheer *amount* of cum I’d blasted overnight into the sheets. As a young teenager, I was used to jerking off secretively, furtively spurting a few paltry

dribbles of jism into my palm before disposing of the evidence. This one nocturnal emissions was easily more semen than I'd produced in my entire life thus far… and probably more than I could have expected to produce for the rest of my life! But how…?

As if answering my mental question, I heard a faint gurgling from the base of my shaft and felt a pleasant tingling, like a vibrating sensation. Hurriedly, I stripped off my damp, sticky-wet underwear, shimmying them down over my hips and thighs, gasping at what I saw lurking beneath.

My balls had swollen to massive scale, each now close to the size of my own fist. They looked grossly distended, painful even, like something out of a medical textbook horror show, but I oddly felt no discomfort. Instead, they felt… good. A bit relieved to be freed from the confines of my underwear, to be honest. And as I looked down at them, I was now sure… they were audibly gurgling, churning, and visibly twitching from time to time… and I could guess why. Clearly something had sent my testicles into sperm-producing overdrive, and I had blown this massive load into the sheets during the night like my body switching a release valve.

I thought again of Stefanie, of that look on her gorgeous face, of her luscious, jiggling tits in that lacy pink bra… Her long legs on display beneath that miniskirt, her rounded, womanly hips and thick, juicy ass… And suddenly it started to make sense. Of course: My twin sister had gone through a remarkable physical transformation just a few months before, morphing into the picture of feminine allure and sexuality. Now, something similar was happening to me.

I knew what mutants were, of course. The X-Men had been publicly active for years, and mutant rights were a topic of discussion on every cable news show. But in those early days, I didn't yet suspect the true nature of the changes, my own identity… or my destiny. And I couldn't know the full extent of my powers, not yet. In fact, I wouldn't understand them as powers until a fateful day, not too far in the future.

For now, I was just a flustered teenage boy with an insane and fantastical problem on his hands. My bed was a total mess, my sheets basically ruined, and my cock had lost none of the rigidity it had gained when Stefanie first stepped through my bedroom door. It trembled mightily, willfully, as if demanding release. My enormous nuts rested on the bed between my thighs, gurgling softly as they produced more and more sperm. The gigantic cock was standing up tall and proud, thick veins bulging along its length, the huge hooded knob peeking out of the tight sheathe of foreskin. Looking back, I think of how innocent I was in those days. But even then, I knew what I had to do. Any teenage boy would know.

I reached down and gripped my new and improved mega-cock, thrilling again to its unearthly rigidity, the softness of the skin enveloping an iron-hard rod. My fingers could only just barely reach all the way around its massive girth. At that first touch, I felt a jolt of pleasure and fulfillment and moaned as my cock flexed, my cumslit opening wide and blasting a continuous beam of milky, sperm-tinged pre-cum for several seconds straight. The big, arcing beam jumped down toward the base of my bed and plopped silently

onto the sheets and I gasped at the rush of ecstasy, thinking that surely I had just climaxed. I had never cum so hard or so much in my life. But my dick remained hard in my hand, the heat of arousal only building, and something clicked for me in that moment. There was no going back now.

I reached down with my left hand and started two-hand-tugging my flexing, pulsing dick. It was slimy and tacky to the touch with milky pre-cum, as it had been marinating for hours in its own soupy discharge in my underwear while I slept. My hands made a rhythmic *schlik, schlik, schlik* sound as I methodically milked it, and I let out whimpering moans, bucking my hips into my own hands, spurting another gigantic blast of pre-cum that splattered against the wall beside my bed and stuck there, clinging like chowder-thick paste.

The feeling was beyond description, an exponential amplification of any of the meager orgasms I'd tugged out of my cock up until that point in my pathetic pubescent boyhood. It was like sampling crack cocaine, a high beyond compare, a rush of ecstasy that rewired my brain, immediately addicting me to it. My life would become devoted to this pleasure, I knew in this moment. I would always be seeking the next high, the next release.

My cock fired off another firehose blast of pre-nut, my balls clenching and pulling up close to the base of my shaft involuntarily then relaxing, settling back down to the soft, damp surface of my bed again. I shivered, my body quaking from the concentrated stabs of bliss lancing through my pleasure centers.

My mind flashed back to the first time I had jerked off. I must have been… 11? 12? Hard to remember. I'd been watching TV with Stefanie and my mom… one of the rare times we were all home together. A pantyhose commercial came on… Mary Jane Watson, modeling the different stockings. Ridiculously chaste in hindsight but at the time… I couldn't take my eyes off her. The red hair, the curve of her legs, the suggestion of her breasts. I wanted her. She gave me urges I'd never had before. Instant hard-on. I had to sneak away to the bathroom… and afterwards I felt so ashamed, thinking Stef or my mom might know what I had done…

My cock engorged further as memories of that commercial, images of Mary Jane Watson, flooded my mind. The cock looked huge and angry now, thick veins criss-crossing the hulking length, my nuts pulling up to the base yet again, twitching and gurgling like idling engines. The thick cum tube protruding along the bottom of my shaft started to swell in my hands, spreading my fingers. I craned my head back and bucked my hips into my hands, and I must have looked ridiculous trying to wrangle this immense thing, a beast with a mind of its own.

My coinslot-sized dick-hole opened and my cock shuddered before extruding a thick, clumpy mess of sperm. It pushed out in a slow but steady extrusion - a compacted, solid, continuous rope of pearly white jism as thick as my own finger. My nostrils stung as the room was almost instantly filled with the sharp, pungent stink of concentrated, virile sperm, my hands working up the shaft slowly, helping to manually extract that

glistening sperm worm from my winking dickhole.

The true orgasm was mind-blowing, a transcendent feeling where everything ceased to exist except my own raw, distilled, electric pleasure. I watched that backed-up and compacted cum-cord push further and further out of my cum-slit in preparation for blasting all he gooey jism that was backed up behind it, and as the cord dangled lower and lower from my knob, my hips bucked involuntarily, making it sway back and forth like a pendulum.

I was panting, sweat beading on my forehead, focused intently on this triumphant act of self-gratification. My cock flexed once and pushed out the tail end of that big jelly worm, the thick cum-cord flopping down onto my lower belly with a sick *plap*, piling up on itself like a length of wet, pearlescent rope.

There was a tense, breathless moment as I held my cock and prepared for what came next. In that pause, my mind drifted to the night before, when I'd drifted off to sleep with images of Susan Storm, the Invisible Woman, fresh in my mind. Her lovely, sweet face, the radiant blonde hair, that MILF body, the huge heavy breasts jiggling under the skintight uniform… the swell of her wide hips, jutting out on either side of her wasp-thin waist… and that fat fucking ass, bulging and stretching that blue uniform so tight, so tight…

Suddenly I experienced something entirely new and surprising. Flashes of images, people, emotions… Like a memory, but… something that hadn't happened yet? I saw Sue Storm before me, saw her weeping, kneeling, saw her baring her naked body to me in all its beauty… I felt my hand at her throat, felt the softness and yielding squish of her breast flesh between my fingers… Felt the triumph of knowing it was mine, all mine…

And then the vision was gone, I was back in my bed, and there was nothing except the ecstatic rush of orgasm.

My dickhole dilated wide and started pissing a finger-thick beam of pure fucking sperm straight up into the air like a geyser. The jet continued for a solid seven seconds of constant sperm blasting. Cum arced and looped crazily in the air before splattering down onto my chest, stomach and legs, but I couldn't stop — my hands were tugging hard even as I smeared gooey hot cum all over my cock in the process.

I reached a peak of perfect joy and sustained it, blasting ropes for minutes on end, my orgasm never ebbing, my output never waning. It was inhuman, superhuman, impossible to be generating this much output, but I was far beyond caring. Each mighty rope of stinking, steaming jism I blew onto my bedsheets represented a nugget of pure ecstasy that mattered more to me than life itself.

Heavy, piping-hot, pudding-thick jism zig-zagged over my sheets in a hectic Jackson-Pollock spray pattern, blanketing me anew beneath a latticework of sperm. Hot and thick, clumpy and dense… I gushed a massive jet of jelly-like cum gunk all over my belly and I moaned with depraved relief, pumping my cum-slick, jism-slathered cock with

long, luxurious strokes.

The cock pulsed as it pushed out another beam that arced down toward the base of my bed, splattering over my sheets. The next jet arced off to the side, painting my wall. As I kept slowly and methodically tugging it, the jets became a slow, drooling stream of thick, rich cum jelly, until finally the orgasm subsided and my dickhole leisurely burped up the thick, clumpy wads that were still stuck in my piss-pipe, the final leftovers of that massive load.

I released my slimy, cum-covered cock and let it flop down heavily against my thigh, splattering sperm everywhere. I looked idly at my hands, my palms and fingers absolutely coated in thick, glistening cum-jelly, then collapsed backwards onto my pillow.

“Fuck,” I said out loud, and swiftly passed out.

Chapter 4:
The New Normal

Before the housekeepers arrived, I bundled my cum-sodden sheets and stuffed them into the washing machine, then did my best to clean up the stray cum-ropes that had landed on my bedroom floor and walls. But by the time the housekeepers were gone, it was mid-afternoon and my cock was already stiffening again, as if it had a mind of its own, my balls churning and gurgling in sympathy.

I was happy to oblige, but I knew I couldn’t risk making a mess like that again in my bedroom, so I slipped into the expansive bathroom I shared with my sister. Standing over the toilet, I flicked through photos of Mary Jane Watson on my phone as I jerked off leisurely, the door open behind me. It was a good plan, but when I crested the peak of orgasm, I lost all control. I dropped the phone and let it clatter to the tile floor as my cock started bucking and shrugging, spewing white-hot beams of super-dense, cum-jelly all over the raised seat of the toilet. I struggled to aim my cock down, shivering and shuddering as the pleasure of orgasm overtook me, but it was a futile attempt… I didn’t really want to control it. This moment wasn’t *about* control… quite the opposite.

In the end the best I could do was lean forward and brace myself against the wall, letting my girder-stiff cock aim straight down as it emptied its ungodly huge load into the toilet bowl, one finger-thick rope at a time. My knees nearly gave out as my hips thrust in spasmodic jerks but I was beyond caring at that point, eyes cinched tight, mouth lolling open as I rode the wave of climax for the second time that day, each peak of ecstasy a roller-coaster thrill of transcendent rapture.

When, after several blissful minutes, my climax had finally subsided to a steady dribble of cream, I looked down to see the toilet bowl filled nearly to the brim with my discharge — a sloppy, gooey pile of nearly-solid pearly ropes, coiled and zig-zagged all over each

other like a nest of snakes, threatening to overflow the porcelain rim. I'd managed to get most of my load into the bowl but stray ropes had arced and splattered wildly all over the bathroom tile, the raised seat of the toilet, the wall behind it… It was a repeat of that morning's messy jerk-off session, with evidence of my self-gratification painting half the bathroom.

I cursed and reached down to flush the toilet. To my horror, there was only a gurgle and a slight shift in the top layer of nested cum-ropes. Shit, was this possible? Were my cum-loads so thick that one deposit could literally clog our toilet?

Luckily, this wasn't the case. I found that after eight or nine consecutive flushes, I was able to clear the bowl. But that still left the copious amounts of cum-gunk decorating the toilet back, walls and floor. So, I had to spend the rest of the afternoon on my hands and knees, hurriedly cleaning and disinfecting before Stefanie arrived home from school.

When she walked in, I was standing in the kitchen in joggers and a t-shirt, sipping a seltzer, trying to act natural.

"Feeling any better?" she asked, slumping her purse onto the sectional couch.

"A bit," I said truthfully, nodding.

She walked up to me and placed the back of her hand against my forehead and I instinctively tensed. We had always been close, Stef and me. There had never been this kind of energy between us. Sexual tension. But now it was there. Unmistakable. Irreversible. My eyes darted down into her cleavage, back up into her eyes. I felt my cock in my pants, rousing itself again, twitching.

"You don't feel warm," she said, removing her hand. She stood there for a moment, studying me. I held her gaze. She sniffed once, twice. Looked around, as if searching for the source of the odor. I knew what she was smelling. Then she shrugged and walked past me to grab a drink from the fridge.

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The next week was… difficult.

Overnight, my priorities in life were basically upended. From that first morning onward, I only ever wanted to be jerking off and cumming. Everything else — sleeping, eating, going to school — was secondary. I had no social life to speak of, so that was no obstacle, but I couldn't just drop out of life and spend all my time masturbating. I came close, though.

When I woke up the following morning, I found I'd once again nutted in my sheets overnight, saturating them completely with my load. Once again, my covers were stuffed with cum like a sandwich overflowing with mayo, oozing and dripping in clumpy, gunky streamers when I lifted the sheets to look below. I had vague memories of a dream

involving the Invisible Woman… erotic, sensual, heated dreams. To my amazement, as I replayed these dreams in my head, my cock started firming nicely in my underwear and soon needed to be freed before it became painful.

I stroked my shaft, admiring the inhuman hardness of my newfound manhood. Glancing at my phone I knew I had time before school to get off at least once. And since my sheets were already a mess…

"Fuck it," I said, draping the sheets over my jutting pole and beginning a frenzied pumping. At least I could contain the explosive load when it came.

With my sheets doubly cum-stuffed and my legs and torso sticky-wet with sperm, I closed my bedroom door softly behind me and staggered down the hall to the bathroom. I was up before Stef, which was good. Already I was realizing how much of my time was going to be devoted to keeping my… activities a secret from my lovely twin sister.

I couldn't keep playing sick, so I had to go back to school. I showered and brushed my teeth, but when I headed back to my room I found Stef standing in my bedroom doorway, the door wide open. She had that look about her again… blank-faced, inquisitive, standing stock-still and staring into my room. I panicked briefly, realizing that under my covers was a veritable flood of curdled, foul-smelling cum-chowder, and Stef was standing only a few feet away. Coming in from the hall, I realized just how thick the smell was in my room and I flushed with embarrassment. I was trying to be discreet. But I really wasn't doing a very good job.

"Stef, what are you doing?" I asked, garden-variety sibling irritation mixing with my frantic terror that she would discover the sea of jism lurking beneath my bedspread. She was wearing only her pajamas — a midriff-bearing spaghetti-strap top and booty shorts — and I briefly paused to take in her appearance. Her hair was back in a ponytail. She hadn't put make-up on yet. She was peering into my room, looking past me as I stepped in front of her.

"Get the fuck out of my room, Stef," I said, trying to push her back, but she resisted.

"Miles…" she murmured, as if she was surprised to see me. "Do you… smell that? What… *is* that?"

"I don't smell anything, you're acting crazy," I muttered. "I have to get ready for school, Stef, c'mon. Get out of here."

"Nuhh…" she seemed distant, a faraway look in her glassy eyes. "I want…"

"Stef, do what I say and get the fuck out of my room, now!" I raged.

"Yes, Miles," she replied instantly, turning and walking placidly down the hallway without further comment.

I stood, stunned, watching her ass sway in her skintight booty-shorts, the word “PINK” emblazoned across the two fat, round cheeks.

She had obeyed me. Finally. Good.

At the time, I didn’t think much of it.

— — —

Under the new normal, school wound up being far more torturous than I ever could have imagined. Suddenly every girl who I found even minorly attractive stirred an intense desire within me that caused my prick to stiffen painfully in my pants. Erections could last for entire class periods. My balls churned and gurgled in my pants, sometimes so loud I was worried people sitting next to me would hear them, and by noon each day they would start to ache persistently, like a migraine, begging to be relieved.

I vowed not to start jacking off at school — a line I didn’t want to cross -- but there were complications whenever I ran into a particularly attractive upperclassman girl, or if I caught myself drifting off, daydreaming and fantasizing. My balls were clearly producing a surplus of sperm, and just as I was experiencing nocturnal emissions, I noticed I started to have… daytime leakage as well. To avoid embarrassing stains in the front of my pants, I had to take regular trips to the restroom for mini stroke-sessions, just enough to drain the excess. No full climaxes! I couldn’t risk making the kind of mess on school grounds that I was leaving in my sheets every morning.

Once I was home, of course, all bets were off. Stefanie and I almost always took the towncar home together, which was its own special form of torture. Once I was inside the house, my first stop was always the bathroom for a 35-minute hot shower. Five minutes to jack off, five minutes of prolonged cumming, then about 25 minutes to rinse the entire shower down and get all the evidence down the drain. It was the cleanest, most efficient way of disposing of my massive loads, I found.

My mind was rife with sexual fantasies in the grip of this newfound hyper-virility. The main target of my obsession was Stefanie… I felt a growing attraction to her that both shamed and thrilled me, and my enlarged cock had instilled a kind of sexual confidence in me that felt… vital. But at the same time, I was determined to hide this aspect of myself from her at all costs. She simply *could not* find out what I was doing… upwards of five to six times a day now, usually no more than 10 or 15 feet away from her.

One late summer afternoon I stood at my bedroom window, pants down, jerking my cock out of sight as I looked down on our back yard and watched Stefanie sunbathing by the pool in a yellow string bikini. She held a Kindle, reading from behind sunglasses, her arms bunching her tits up mightily on her chest, and my eyes drank it in as I stroked slowly. Then, to my horror, she looked up and saw me, took off her sunglasses and waved cheerily, smiling. Her big, fat tits jiggled wildly on her chest as she waved, and I smiled and waved back, grimacing slightly as I crossed the line, busting hard into a plastic trash can I’d set by the wall in preparation.

When I wasn't thinking about Stefanie, my mind drifted to other subjects of desire.

Alana Blair, captain of the cheerleading squad, a gorgeous senior with a shoulder-length curtain of straight blonde hair. Athletic, tan, and wealthy, everyone knew she was going to Harvard next year. I didn't have any classes with her of course… but everyone in school knew who she was. Her reputation was about what you'd expect — ice queen. A real bitch.

Madison Albright, another senior girl who was on the dance squad at basketball games. Just like Stefanie, she was a redhead, big tits, thick ass… And utterly unattainable. I knew how she and the other girls could move out on the court when they did their routines — Madison could throw her ass around like a black girl, but she was porcelain, upper-crust white.

Miss Shen, my algebra teacher, also featured prominently in my fantasies. Sitting through her class every Monday and Wednesday became a Herculean effort not to cum right in my pants. She was Chinese-American, beautiful, with a toned and voluptuous body she hid beneath pencil skirts and tight blouses, her dark hair usually pinned back in a tight bun. She was severe and strict, but I had noticed — or maybe I was just imagining it? — that she seemed to be acting more kindly toward me since my… changes began.

Even more strangely, I noticed one other side effect a few days into the new normal. I doubled up on deodorant but there seemed to be nothing I could do to dissipate the strange and unpleasant odor I was now emitting constantly. Some kind of musk, I presumed. No one commented on it… I kept to myself when I could, keeping a distance between myself and others. But in the hallways sometimes, during passing periods… I could swear I noticed groups of girls following me. Not purposefully, not intentionally, and none of them seemed to actually notice *me…* But groups would form in my wake. Only ever girls. And sometimes adult women teachers, too. They would simply follow me, a few paces back, until I got to my next class… and then the group would break up, wander off, some of them looking confused as if they couldn't remember how they got there, some hurrying off because they were too far from their next class.

All of it was very strange.

Chapter 5:
Escalation

It got even stranger not long after that. Less than three weeks went by before things started to reach a breaking point. In the end, it was all inevitable, of course. But at the time, I couldn't have conceived of the levels of depravity that lay in my future.

I'd grown accustomed to a routine of jerking off maybe five, six, seven times a day. I

expected at some point it would taper off and I'd return to my regular life, the status quo before this all started. That I'd get tired of it somehow, or that I'd simply… run out. But there was always more cum, churning and straining within my balls, aching to be let out. And the orgasms, the pleasure, was a drug… and I was only too happy to indulge. And with Stefanie around… gorgeous, curvy, big-titted, bimbo-lipped, doe-eyed, red-haired, perfect Stefanie… I was at half-mast most of the time anyway.

So I suppose it wasn't a surprise that eventually I got sloppy. At first, my routine was strictly regimented. I'd only cum in the shower, or in a waste basket, which I'd then dump in the shower and rinse out, or in my sheets, which I'd then haul to the laundry room. If Stef noticed that I was now washing my sheets on a daily basis, she didn't say anything.

But as jerking off became not just a hobby but the *main function* of my days, I became more cavalier about where and when I would shoot my loads. If I jacked off in front of the computer, maybe I'd bust in a scrunched-up pair of boxer briefs, then toss them on the floor and leave them for next time. Sometimes I didn't wash my sheets every day — I just let them dry and then slept on top of the covers or turned them over. I found I could use gym socks to nut in, though they got pretty saturated and started leaking quickly. One load could fill up to three or four socks, and the stench was intense, especially if they'd been left sitting a day or more. Still, who gave a shit? It was my room. I left porn tabs open on my computer 24/7. I kept an album of photos on my phone, a compilation of different actresses, porn stars and supermodels… and some shots of Stef in there too.

Then, one day before school, I was coming back from an extra long hot shower, feeling refreshed and drained, ready for the day ahead. I was waking up earlier routinely now so I could jack off in the shower before Stef was even up.

I don't know what had happened that morning. Maybe she set an early alarm. Maybe the sound of the shower woke her up. But as I tiptoed back down the carpeted hall, I heard the sound of staggered, panting breaths coming from my room. I slowed to a stop and crept up to the precipice of the doorway, then peered inside. I had to work hard to contain a gasp at what I saw within.

Stef stood in the center of my bedroom with her back to me. She wore only a purple sports bra and pink panties, and my eyes admired the way the fat lower cheeks of her shapely ass spilled out of the bottom of her underwear. It was alarming to see her in my room — I had closed the door when I left to shower, so she had clearly walked down here, opened it, and entered. A breach of established sibling privacy, to be sure. I shook my head ruefully, knowing she had already tried this once before the week before. Why was she trying to get into my room all of a sudden? What did she want in here?

My stomach twisted with dawning dread as I followed Stefanie's gaze around the room and took in the surroundings. My bedsheets were thrown wide, revealing a dense web of glistening cum cords and fermented, off-yellow jizz curds. Socks and underwear littered the floor, most of them visibly soaked with sperm. Right in front of her were a

crumpled pair of gray boxers with a messy pool of semi-solid spunk sitting in it, still not dry from the night previous.

A lump formed in my throat as I watched Stef looking down at the disgusting, filthy cum-rag. The only sound was her own shallow, ragged breathing. I didn't dare step forward. I didn't know what to do, what to say. The smell in the room, I knew, was overwhelming. Overpowering.

As I watched, disbelieving, Stefanie bent down, reached forward, and gently worked her fingers under the edges of the cum-sodden underwear. She pinched the fabric between her fingers and carefully lifted it, cradling it, making sure not to spill any precious cream. The surreality of the moment was indescribable as my sister brought the boxer briefs up to her face… and sniffed.

Immediately I saw her shoulders twitch and she whimpered softly at the scent. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. What the fuck was she *doing??* Holding the spunk-infested underwear up to her face, her nose hovering just an inch above the gathered pool of clumpy, raw semen, she inhaled deeply now, sucking in as much of that smell as she could.

"Ohhhhh fffuck," she moaned, panting heavily, head lolling on her shoulders.

Stefanie's hands were trembling, and jelly-thick cum was spilling out from the boxers now, running over and down the back of her hand past her wrist. She just stared in awe as the thick, gooey spunk rolled and dribbled and slid down her arm.

Then, my twin sister let out a pitiful, shameful whimper as she lifted the filthy, sperm-laden underwear to her face and pressed her lips against them, tilting it so the reservoir of gelatinous cum-chowder shifted and started to slowly pour into her open mouth. I couldn't see her face but I could hear her slurp lovingly until her mouth was full, cheeks ballooned with my cock cream. She moaned through the huge mouthful, and then I heard her… chewing it.

She feasted it on it noisily, slovenly, like a pig at a trough, then gulped it down heavily and went back for more, until most of it was drained out of the underwear. After that she put the fabric in her mouth and sucked hard, getting every bit of juice out. And finally, as I watched, she wrung the boxers out like a dishrag, depositing every last drop onto her outstretched tongue. The room was filled with the wet, muffled noise of Stefanie gulping, and gulping, and gulping, as she swallowed my load down hungrily.

When I sensed she was finished, I backed away down the hallway. Looking down, I realized my cock was now iron-hard, pointing straight out toward my bedroom door. I heard Stefanie coming and scurried back into the bathroom. Outside, I heard my sister walk slowly down the hallway from my room into hers, then close the door.

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The ride to school that day was… awkward. Neither Stefanie nor I had much to say to each other. We both knew terrible secrets about each other now. She knew that I was a jerkoff fiend who was busting massive loads all over my room daily… and I knew that she had, for whatever reason, been compelled to go into my room and drink one of those loads. The perversion of it had me reeling. I couldn't understand why this was happening. And I couldn't ever, under any circumstances, reveal to Stefanie what I had seen. Just as she, I suspected, could never reveal to me what she had done.

More difficult was the prospect of hiding the massive erection I sported for the duration of the car ride. Stef had dressed in a crop-top and cut-off jean shorts, leaving a lot of skin on display, and it took all my self-control not to stare at her exposed thighs, her bulging tits and deep cleavage, as we made the painfully slow journey to Keystone Academy. When we finally arrived and she wordlessly exited the towncar, I breathed a sigh of relief.

I couldn't stop thinking about Stef and what I'd seen, and my erection didn't go away all day. It made it difficult to navigate between classes, masking the front of my trousers with a book so the bulge wasn't quite so obvious, but it didn't make the situation any less noticeable. I tried visiting the restroom to drain excess sperm from my balls, but nothing happened — there was just the dull ache in my scrotum that told me I desperately needed to blow my wad, something I wasn't yet prepared to do on school grounds.

After fourth period I noticed Alana Blair was one of the girls in a gaggle following me down the third-floor hallway toward my US History class, which I found amusing. I stopped to admire her from afar when I got to class, and she stopped and loitered by the doorway in my presence, not noticing me, and also seemingly not in any rush to get anywhere. For the first time, I really started to think about the connections between these girls' strange behavior and Stefanie's. Something was influencing them. Something was drawing them to me. The smell. Stefanie kept mentioning that smell…

At the end of the day, Stef and I rode home in silence, and as usual I quickly jogged upstairs to the bathroom for my usual shower routine. But that day, something felt different. Something had snapped. The experience that morning had violently upended the status quo. I could never look at my sister the same way again. I didn't *want* to.

And so that day after school, instead of rinsing down the shower and sending the evidence down he drain, I left the inside of the glass shower stall *plastered* with my fresh, piping-hot, incredibly dense loads. Thick ropes and cords of my cum-jelly were blasted in criss-crossing patterns all over the shower tile, glass, floor, fixtures, even all over Stef's bottles of shampoo and body wash. It looked like a cum bomb had gone off inside that shower. And when I was done, still basking in the afterglow of my powerful orgasm, I simply tucked my softening cock back in my pants, zipped up my fly, and walked out.

Later that night I heard Stef go in for her own shower. She never said anything about it, but when I went back into the bathroom after her, the shower had been diligently rinsed

clean. The stink was still there, though. Lingering, in the steamy air.

That night, we ordered pizza and watched one of Stef's stupid reality shows on the 106" TV in our den. Neither of us said anything about that morning, or anything about the massive load I'd blown in the shower. We were perfectly cordial. But I think by that point, we both knew. Stef had dressed in lacy white underwear and nothing else… a dental-floss-thin thong disappearing deep into the cleft of her juicy ass, her giant titties jouncing and jiggling in the too-small cups of the push-up bra, presenting a fantastic cleavage like a shelf, like a fucking buffet of titflesh. It was a challenge, and we both felt it.

My prick firmed nicely in my sweatpants and I did nothing to conceal it as I raked my eyes over the acres of exposed flesh on display, her mile-long legs, her toned midriff. My balls gurgled audibly and I noticed her glance over at me, almost imperceptibly, before directing her gaze back at the TV. I smiled, finished my pizza, and went upstairs.

With that image of my beautiful sister fresh in my mind, I stood in front of the toilet with the bathroom door wide open. But this was nothing like that first morning, when I'd so desperately tried to aim my stiff-straight cock into the toilet bowl and make as little a mess as possible. I didn't give a fuck anymore. This was about sending a message.

I hauled out my enormous, throbbing cock. It leapt from under the waistband of my sweatpants, thick and veiny and engorged. It looked like it had grown another inch in length since that first morning. Thicker, too. I couldn't fit my hand all the way around it now. My bloated, pulsating cock head throbbed and drooled thick, gooey sperm that dangled off the top of my foreskin in a swaying, gelatinous cord before plopping to the toilet seat below. I thrilled at the sperm stink, feeling the power of it for the first time, reveling in it.

I grasped it and started tugging, aiming the huge uncircumcised knob at the toilet. I squeezed, feeling the incredible vascularity of my ever-growing meat pipe of a cock, and hissed in satisfaction. Downstairs, I could still hear Stef's dumb reality show bullshit blaring on the TV. My tugs grew faster and more insistent, my fingers becoming slathered in the residual jism coating my member. The wet squelching sounds of my sperm-lubed tug job filled the bathroom, and I glanced at myself in the mirror, smiling grimly. My foreskin rolled halfway down the meaty mushroom tip of my bloated glans, then back up over it again, with every stroke.

"Ugh, fuck," I said out loud, feeling the heat and pressure building, the orgasm drawing closer.

I groaned loudly and my cock swelled in my grip, the engorged, helmet-shaped head bloated and bruise-colored. I jerked harder, faster, feeling my urethra bulge on the underside, a familiar sensation as thick cum began to pulse up my length. Then, the rush, the final sprint toward the point of no return, and my dickhole opened wide and began blasting my piping hot seed all over the toilet.

The first beam of cum was so powerful and prolonged it felt as if I was pissing sperm directly into the toilet, arcing wildly from side to side, painting the toilet seat and the sides of the bowl back and forth, back and forth. I gripped my meat tighter to keep hold of it as it gushed, huge beams of incredibly thick and pungent jism rocketing all over the back of the toilet, onto the wall above and behind it, onto the floor…

After my first half-dozen or so ropes of cum, the toilet bowl was starting to fill, flooding with my pudding-thick jism, and each new blast threatened to overflow it. My cock bucked in my hands wildly, blasting countless thick ropes of ball jelly all over the toilet tank. The entire bathroom stank like my balls, and the toilet was a disgusting, unusable mess. When the sustained rush subsided, and dozens of huge jets of cum had been emptied onto the porcelain and tile, my cock finally stopped blasting ropes and belched out a few final fat loads, then drooled sperm lazily. I slowed my tugging strokes, riding the ebbing wave of orgasm, until my cock burped up the last clumpy wads of jism onto the sloppy, caked-up snake nest of ropes overflowing the toilet I shared with Stef.

Idly, I reached over and grabbed one of her hand towels and wiped off the slimy, cum-slathered head of my prick, then tossed it onto the floor and went to bed.

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The next day was a Saturday, and I knew that Stef had made plans to go out with her friends for a mani/pedi spa day. I had become keenly aware in recent weeks of the times I had alone in the house, for obvious reasons. But that morning, I woke feeling nervous. I'd had vivid dreams, as always… this time of a woman I didn't know, a beautiful blonde with chilling blue eyes, dressed all in white. Her gaze haunted me as sleep receded and I came awake.

My bed was the usual mess of muck and cum-gunk, and I shuffled out of it and staggered to the door before remembering the night before, and my little tantrum in the bathroom. What would Stef make of that? A mess in the shower was one thing, but this…

I shuffled down to the bathroom, and to my surprise, it was spotless. The toilet was sparkling clean, and I knew the housekeepers hadn't been by yet. But what I saw on top of the toilet tank made me jolt with shock.

Placed delicately and carefully on the back of the toilet was one of Stef's bras — the same lacy pink one she'd been wearing the morning of my first wet dream, if I'm not mistaken. I stood still, listening for sounds elsewhere in the house. Nothing. I glanced out the hallway, into her room. She wasn't home. She'd left that there. She'd cleaned up the mess… and left her bra behind. It couldn't be a coincidence. No fucking way. Even under ordinary circumstances, Stef usually didn't just leave her underwear lying around in our shared bathroom. And this… this wasn't just *left.* She had *placed* it. It was a message. I smirked. She was playing a game with me.

I stepped forward and picked it up. It was soft to the touch, the lace thin and delicate.

The cups were huge, deep wells. They had to be, to contain my sister's massive breasts. I held the bra, considering how often this garment had cradled her tits, how close it had been to her skin, how intimate. I held it up to my face and sniffed, once. Then I turned and walked out into the hall and into Stef's room.

Her room was a little untidy. Clothes on the floor around the hamper. Makeup strewn about on her dresser. Books, laptop, headphones on her desk. Her bed was made, though. A cream-colored quilted bedspread and a mountain of throw pillows. I stepped forward, holding the bra, looking around. Thinking about how she had intruded in my room before committing an act of unspeakable perversion, eating a stinking discarded cumload out of my own used underwear. My own sister.

My balls gurgled, knowing before I did what I needed to do. What I had to do. I set the bra down on the pristine bedspread and pulled down my underwear. The front of my body was still sticky and damp from the loads I'd expelled during sleep, but my cock roused itself readily, and with a few quick jerks it was iron-hard as always.

"Fucking bitch," I growled, looking down at the bra, thinking of Stefanie's titties, crushed together in a deep cleavage by the underwire and lace. I pumped hard, my hand making sloppy *shlorp, shlukk, shlurp* sounds on my cum-slathered prick.

My mind drifted to the woman from my dreams, the blonde. I tried to remember the dream… Yes…. The image was clearer now… I could see myself… Fucking her tits… But she was… resisting… Screaming, begging for me to stop… It was rape… But it felt good… Her big, fat titties crushed around my diamond-hard prick… How sweet it would feel to do that with Stefanie…

Thoughts that once would have repelled and disgusted me now fed a bottomless taboo lust, an endless hunger. I wanted more… More… I wanted Stef…

"Fucking dumb bitch… Fucking tease," I said to no one, jerking my cock alone in my sister's bedroom.

In that moment, all the confused feelings I'd harbored for my sister since her transformation began were coalescing into a single point. All the months of sexual frustration, the confusion, the repression, the resentment, was finally boiling over, subsumed by dark lusts I didn't understand and couldn't control. I think even then, I didn't really know how this was all going to end up between Stefanie and me. Even as every act took us closer to the inevitable.

At that moment all I knew was my cock felt good and hard in my hand, that my nuts were gurgling softly as they produced more sperm, just as they should. My gigantic dick was jutting out, long and proud, thick veins bulging along its length, the huge hooded knob only barely peeking out of my tight foreskin. I looked down and watched my cumslit open and lazily drool a slow-moving stream of pre-cum, and my next frenzied pump sent it flying onto Stef's bedspread, where it flecked the pristine quilt. I sneered.

I thought of Stef's big, heavy breasts, jiggling as she walked, thought of her ass bouncing, and my balls growled angrily, hitching and tensing around the base of my wrist-thick shaft. My cock flexed and pissed a beam of pre-cum that arced over Stef's bed and bisected it sideways in a sick, off-white line, drizzling over the pink bra I'd placed there too.

"Ugh, fuckk," I grunted, stroking my sweaty, spermy, stinky slab of dickmeat relentlessly, until it fired off an even more powerful beam of pre-cum, so hard it knocked the bra back a bit when it ricocheted off the lace before splattering all over her bed.

I was panting, my dick flexing and pissing pre-cum rhythmically, again and again, marking Stef's sheets with line after line. I shuddered and moaned in the early morning light, bucking my hips reflexively against my hands… bucking, thrusting... But I wanted more, I wanted more friction, I wanted something *deeper*, I realized for the first time, I wanted to *fuck* something…

My balls made their telltale gurgling rumble, pulling up close to my dickshaft, and my already staggeringly huge cock visibly engorged and filled out even more, becoming a little thicker, a little longer… and then my dickhole erupted a continuous and incredibly powerful jet of thick, pearly, clumpy nut custard, arcing straight out into one of the vast cups of Stef's bra and splattering all over it, accumulating in a sloppy pile of spunk within moments.

After a few seconds of continuous sperm blasting, my cock stopped flexing for just a moment, my prickhead shrinking slightly… then it flexed again, even harder this time, and my slit dilated to gush another huge continuous beam of sperm into the other cup of her bra, filling it like a bowl of chowder-thick ball jelly.

I aimed my cock over and pissed another beam of sperm into the first cup again, dumping load after load of off-white cum ropes into Stef's bra, filling it nearly to the brim, before a sudden twitch in my cock sent a looping arc of cream spiraling wildly up over my sister's bedspread and splattering over the sheets.

Rope after finger-thick rope blasted against Stef's lacy pink bra, filling each massive DD cup like a reservoir, and it sat heavily on the comforter, piles of cum steaming and burbling within the cups, dripping down the sides, collecting underneath.

But I wasn't finished. I blasted another prolonged, powerful beam of pure fucking sperm up toward Stef's pillows like a firehose. The next blast impacted the wall above her bed, my cock flexing even harder as it hosed down the wall, the splattering sounds interspersed with the staccato impacts of the thicker nuggets of rancid, concentrated jism from deep in my balls. Arcing cables of jism hosed down the walls, the bedspread, the bra, her desk, the floor, the ceiling… fucking *everywhere!*

After several minutes of nonstop cum-blasting, my cock flexed a little less with each heavy pulse of sperm, my cum ropes arcing lower and lower until finally my cock gave one last spurt and flopped down against my thigh, still mostly hard but beginning to lose

a little of it steel. The cockhead continued burping up plenty of clumpy, slow-drooling sperm that oozed down onto Stef's comforter like pearly molasses. I lifted my softening dick and flicked it a final few times onto the bed, then turned and walked out of the room, satisfied.

Chapter 6:
Conquest

I expected a reaction after that, obviously. Something, anything. I felt I'd crossed a line, for better or for worse, and in the post-nut clarity I felt something almost like regret for what I'd done to Stef's bed. I walked back to her door and looked inside at the mess, zig-zagging lines of glistening cum ropes criss-crossing her bedspread, the bra with its deep cups filled with thick, heavy cream.

But when Stef got back in the late afternoon, there was nothing. No scream, no gasp of shock or surprise. From my room next-door, I heard her cleaning up, then removing the blankets from her bed and marching down to he laundry room, just like I had been doing most mornings for the past two weeks. Then, in the silence that followed, I heard what sounded like… slurping. Wet smacking. Gulps. And I knew. She had held onto the bra, kept it full of the cum-loads I'd deposited there… and now she was drinking my cream. Just like that day in my room, when she had slurped it out of my disgusting underwear. Like a filthy, shameless whore.

My cock stiffened instinctively as I listened to the subdued sounds of her feasting. Then, a soft moan, stifled but undeniable, and finally a cute little burp.

I think it's safe to say at that point I no longer gave a fuck. Reclining on my bed, I slipped my semi-hard dick out of my pants and started jerking it casually, even though my bedroom door was wide open and Stef was right next-door. My hand made repeated *shlik-shlik-shlik* sounds as I stroked the cum-slick meat, savoring the feeling, enjoying the anticipation of release.

I heard Stef unzipping her pants, undressing, clothes hitting the floor, and the thought of her naked form, beautiful and curvaceous, sent a shard of lust through my body. My cock swelled and I anticipated the first triumphant jet of pre-cum, but… nothing came. My nuts tensed up against the base of my cock... the pleasure was there, the promise of release so near and yet so far…

I kept jacking as I heard her pad softly across the hallway and go into the bathroom and start up the shower. My cock grew longer and fatter, standing up on its own, though the sheer size and weight of it meant that it listed to the side from its own mass. I moaned absently as it reached full hardness, so fucking thick I couldn't get my fingers all the way around it.

I stroked rhythmically as Stef showered, thinking about the water cascading over her naked body. The image thrilled me, making my cock flex in my hand… but I couldn't

cum. I was starting to grow irritated – and a little worried – and stroked harder and faster.

I was reaching a cresting plateau of pleasure and wanted to sustain it, was training myself to ride the absolute peak of ecstasy as long as possible, holding onto that transcendent feeling of climax for as long as possible. My nuts pulled up close against the base of my dick and my dickhole opened wide, winking, but there was no release. I kept working my hand up and down the shaft, masturbating furiously.

My face was hot and red, and I moaned in frustration, on the verge of tears. I couldn't cum… I didn't know why… I'd never felt so ready, but it just wouldn't shoot… I needed it so badly…

I was so locked in on the task at hand, I didn't hear the bathroom door open, didn't hear Stef's feet padding on the carpet in the hallway until she was right outside my door.

"Miles… I think we need to talk… Oh, my god!" she exclaimed, her eyes locked on my violent cock stroking.

I looked up in shock, hand gripping my pulsing member, the tip beet-red and angry, veins standing out and rippling along the length like lightning bolts.

Stefanie had a plush white towel wrapped snugly around her teenaged curves, her breasts squeezed tightly underneath, threatening to burst free at any point. The towel hung down to her upper thigh, showcasing her long, shapely legs in their entirety, only just barely hiding the juncture of her legs, her pussy. My eyes raked over her, taking her in. Her hair was back in a bun after the shower, her body still glistening, lightly moist. Her face had morphed from concern into a primal disgust and terror. I don't know what she expected to find, coming into my room at this moment. But it probably wasn't this.

I lay back in my bed, clutching my cock in my fist. I knew that my tool had grown even more in the last day or so, now approaching 12 inches in length. It looked monstrous attached to my slim and meager frame, I knew, and even more so when fully engorged, riddled with veins, the helmet-shaped head swollen and purple, the foreskin peeling back. The whole thing shrugged and twitched, drooling like a rabid dog, volatile and threatening… but I could not cum.

We were frozen in that moment, Stef's wide eyes darting from my cock to my blushing, grimacing face, before she slowly started to back away into the hall. And that's when something finally clicked. This was it. The moment of no return.

Moving quickly, I slid my legs over the side of the bed and stood, still holding my prick in front of me. It aimed straight forward, pointing accusingly at Stefanie. She stumbled backwards as I advanced, my pisshole now leaking pre-cum. I seethed with the resentment built up over almost a year of teasing, the daily torture of living with an untouchable dream girl, my perfect twin sister. Now, in the past few weeks, escalated into a sick game of cat-and-mouse, both of us flirting and dancing around something we

instinctually knew was wrong and yet… somehow couldn't escape, like the gravitational well of a black hole pulling us both in. Stefanie, drawn somehow to my musk, to the scent of my cum, driven by some dark urge to consume it. And me, consumed with envy and taboo lust, living in the shadow of my glamorous, beautiful, sensual twin sister, obsessed with finding some way to dominate her, to claim her, subjugate her…

And there was no one around. No parents. No one to stop me. I stepped toward her.

"Wait, Miles," she stammered, holding out a hand as she backed into the wall out in the hallway. "Wait. W-wait…"

Without a word, I reached out. She flinched but didn't pull away as I snagged the towel and ripped it from her body, revealing her nakednesss at last. Her massive, heaving breasts spilled out into the air, bouncing and jostling above her toned, washboard stomach, narrow waist and flaring hips. Her aereolas were candy-pink and saucer-sized, capping each mountainous breasts and topped with puffy nipple nubs. My eyes drank it all in, down to the neatly trimmed strip of dark crimson pubic hair framing her pink little pussy, as she yelped and tried instinctively to cover herself.

I slapped her hand away and grasped her left breast, pinching and pulling the sensitive nipple, groping her lewdly. Stef shuddered as I molested her, whimpering and turning her face away, covering her nakedness with her arms and hands as best she could.

"P-please, Miles, no…" she murmured, flattened against the wall. "You c-cant…"

SMACK!!

I reared back and slapped Stefanie, hard, staggering her to the side. A pink handprint bloomed on her cheek, and she looked up at me with terrified eyes, tears welling in them a moment before I smacked her again, sending her reeling.

I reached out to grasp her exposed breast again, kneading it roughly, savoring the yielding, squishing jelly softness. My splayed fingers sank unspeakably into her flesh, gathering it, twisting it, making her squeal. Stef's face was hot red as she finally, desperately tried to push me away, but she did not have the strength. Something kept me locked in place, some determined force of fate and will that tied me to that moment. Stef's chest heaved, eyes wild with panic…

My hand whizzed through the air again and my palm smashed into the side of her face a third time, with a resounding *WHAPP!!*

Stef's legs finally gave out and she collapsed to her knees, bringing her eye level with my jutting, drooling, angry cock. Things were moving very fast now. From the moment Stef had placed her bra on the toilet tank, waiting for me, this had been unavoidable, an accelerating machine with only one outcome. It was a tease, a promise, but also a request. She'd been asking for this. She had *wanted* me to return that bra with its cups stuffed full of my cum, but she didn't know that it wouldn't be enough to satisfy me, that

in that vengeful act I would finally feel the emptiness of simply draining my balls again and again, that it would spark the desire to penetrate, to fuck, to inseminate… and Stef was the obvious and only choice around.

My hand sank into her fiery red hair and pushed her over, guiding her down to the floor. She struggled meaninglessly as I forced her down onto her stomach, her fat tits squashing underneath her and bulging out the sides of her chest as I flattened her. She kicked her legs desperately but I pinned her down, my cock jutting out obscenely, now drooling fresh cream in anticipation. Yes… fresh issue, loaded with wriggling sperm, the smell of my musk thick in the hallway now… Nothing could stop me…

Her ass sloped up from the small of her back, two luscious hillocks of flesh, and I admired them as she struggled below me. I moved in, hands reaching out to caress and squeeze each fulsome asscheek. Twin hemispheres of bouncy, toned flesh rose like a sunrise from her thin waist. She keened and moaned as I amused myself, grabbing as much ass as I could and making the cheeks jiggle and clap together. Then I spanked her, hard, again and again, watching fresh pink handprints bloom on her tanned butt as she yelped and flinched.

My balls, heavy with the upcoming cream-load, dragged along the back of Stef's thigh, and my hot, rigid cockshaft rubbed on her ass, depositing little beads of cream as it traced its way down from her lower back along the slope of one round, sloping ass-cheek. I pushed her feet apart, forcing her legs out wide into a Y-shape, and she could do little to fight it. I saw her flex her ass, and I smiled, spanking her again, watching it jiggle. Then I pressed myself down onto her, sliding my cock into her ass-cleavage.

"M-miles, nooouuhhh," she moaned. I put one hand on her head and held her firmly to the floor. This all felt surreal somehow, like one of the dreams that had possessed me over the past several weeks. It was my first real sexual experience, and hers too, and it was an act of cruel violation, of rape. But I was lost in it, unable to stop myself now even if I wanted to. My body drove me onward, a deep biological urge to nut, to breed, now taking control.

I bore down, putting the burbling tip of my cock against the firm underside of her buttocks and sliding it up between them. As I leveraged myself against her curvaceous form, the helmet of my fist-sized cockhead slowly slid, lubricated by the juices it was now emitting constantly. I drove into her crack again and again, sandwiching my dick between the fat, jiggling cheeks of Stef's ass, savoring the feeling, jerking myself off with her body. The feeling was familiar but elevated by the dominance and power I felt in the moment as my length sliced between those swelling, sumptuous mounds of assflesh, my tip emerging up near her waistline.

"Please… p-please," she begged, briefly jolting me from the reverie I felt slicing my cock up and down along her ass-crack. I was drooling, droplets of it falling onto her back, and my cock was belching up clumpy mini-loads onto the small of Stef's back. I saw it gathering there and knew what I had to do.

I pulled back, hands now planted firmly on her big, curvy ass. Flesh rose up between my fingers, bubbling up like lava from beneath the earth. I knelt between her legs, withdrawing my dick, then guiding it downward, clumsily swiping toward her exposed cunt. It was awkward — I had never done this before, and it wasn't how it looked in porn, didn't feel natural at first. But soon the spongy, beet-red tip of my cock was positioned at Stef's labia, smushing up against her entrance, pulsing fresh cream over the slit, making her squeal and quake.

I paused for a moment, my huge cock aimed downward at an angle, like a jackhammer about to obliterate a square of pavement. Then, with an animalistic grunt, I pushed forward with all my might. Stef squeezed, tried to fight it, but I forced past her with ease and speared into her cunt, shredding her hymen and stealing her virginity. She screamed once, a mournful and savage wail, then went limp. There was a wet, thick sound as my monster shaft burrowed into her pussy, stretching her wide, forming an airtight seal as I plowed downward. Stef whined… a pathetic, high sound, spasming as she was impaled, inch after inch sinking into her.

I leaned forward and grabbed her hair by the bun, holding it like the reins of a horse, controlling her head as her face made wild, mind-fucked expressions. I began to dip and raise my hips, imitating the fucking motions I'd seen in porn videos, but it was clumsy and ill-timed. I wanted to find a rhythm, but I was impatient. My hips seemed to move on their own, driven by anger and unholy lust to buck against Stefanie's backside, pumping hard, making her ass quake, each thrust an expression of years of built-up resentment and jealousy.

I remember the guttural groan she made as I went balls-deep for the first time, burying my foot-long shaft entirely inside her, my thighs slapping against her with a loud *SMACK*. Each time my pelvis met her ass, it sent her flesh jiggling in great, rippling waves. Holding her by the hair only gave me more leverage to drill down into her, carving out her wet, clutching pussy.

Stef's eyes rolled back as she whimpered and drooled on herself. Every time I withdrew, the sucking membrane of her insides seemed to slurp and grasp at my shaft, making a humiliating sucking noise that mixed with the *smack, smack, smack* as I banged against her butt. She moaned, long and low, and I shoved her face hard down into the floor, now simply lying on top of her and fucking her with long, hard thrusts, digging deep inside of her and making her ass clap and bounce with each thrust.

I didn't last long — didn't want to — and the surge as I built toward climax was the most exciting thing I'd felt since that first morning jerking off in bed with my new, oversized hyper-cock. My hips went wild, bashing against Stef's backside with animalistic fervor, no longer under conscious control, only seeking to gain friction, to go deeper, to inseminate, to breed, to finish…

She looked back over her shoulder at me with tearful, reddened eyes, a wordless look that expressed her complete despair, and I shoved her face back down into the carpet, arching my back and craning my neck, savoring the moment of domination totally as I

finally let go, cumming, spurting, shooting deep into her cunt, nutting in my sister raw. I hilted myself one final time and spewed cum into her spasming, sucking pussy, flooding her with an unending torrent of chunky white nut sauce. I fired rope after rope of jelly-thick jism, until it started to squirt out around the sides of my cock, burbling over her thighs and drooling down to the carpet, and I still kept cumming, unloading my nuts fully into her.

I knew this experience above all would be mind-blowing for Stef… She wouldn't be prepared for the mega-orgasms I'd grown accustomed to meting out; minute after minute of endless cumming as I blew finger-thick jets of hot cream into her totally fucked-up, violated cunt. The sounds of ejaculation coming from within my sister's body were audible – *spluuuort, spluuuuurg, skuuuushh* – and cum was now erupting out around the airtight seal my cockshaft made in her cunt, spurting in ribbons onto the carpet and lining the back of her legs.

She quaked, making a snorting, gagging sound, then was still as my orgasm finally subsided. She lay motionless as I pulled out from her ass and aimed my cock at her buttocks and back, firing a few final ropes of pudding-thick cum until she was striped and criss-crossed all over. Her pussy was a sloppy, cum-glazed mess, winking and burping out a continuous river of sperm onto the hallway floor.

I knelt back, surveying my work, my dick softening as I stroked out the last few globs of backed-up cum jelly onto Stef's ass. The orgasm had been savage and intense, and I panted, sweat beading my forehead, face split in a sick grin of satisfaction. The fact that I couldn't cum immediately beforehand… had only increased the pleasure, amplified the feelings of release. What I'd done was sick and wrong on so many levels, but it felt good, felt right…

And then, as the afterglow of orgasm subsided, the reality of the situation set in and I felt a sickening tide of guilt wash over me. Revolted by the sight of my sister, face-down and criss-crossed with lines of my own sickly off-white cum ropes, I hobbled to my feet and stumbled backwards. She was quivering, sobbing quietly to herself, and did not move or look up as I swiftly walked past her and went into my room, slamming the door behind me.

Chapter 7:
After-Effects

I sat on my bed, head in my hands, shivering, horrified by my own actions. Things had spiraled out of control and I had done something stupid. No, worse than stupid. Illegal. Violent. Evil. What started as a taboo game of flirtation between two siblings had been tainted and perverted, changing our relationship forever. I nearly hyperventilated, my heart thundering in my chest, as I realized that all it would take was one call from my sister to the police to report me and I would be in a world of deep shit. One call to my parents and I would be disowned forever, cut off from the fortune that was my birthright.

As frantic as my head and heart felt at that moment… my cock didn't much seem to mind. It had remained semi-stiff since the encounter with Stefanie, and had never stopped dribbling an incessant stream of gloopy, viscous, syrup-thick pre-cum. As I sat huddled on the bed, my cock hung out before me like a flagpole, drooling all over my sheets like a leaky faucet. It didn't matter. The sheets were fucked anyway.

I expected to see police car lights outside the house at any moment, expected my phone to blow up with calls from my enraged parents… but nothing came. I heard nothing from Stef either, only the quiet sound of her padding into her room and closing the door softly about 5 minutes after I had shut myself into my own bedroom.

I sobbed in bed, my cock weeping in sympathy, as afternoon turned into evening. The sun sank low in the sky and hazy red light lit my room as I sat in solitude, contemplating my future, and the curse of the monster cock that had befallen me. I had been a good kid. I loved my sister. How could I do something like that to her?

I reflected on what a sick joke my life had become. A daily marathon of jerk-off sessions, a slavish devotion to my own selfish self-gratification. All of it warping my psyche and making me crazy, making me think and do things that were… insane, impossible. Stupid. Wrong. I was starting to question if I even wanted to go on living like this, when suddenly there was a soft knocking at my door.

"Miles…?" came Stef's voice from outside in the hall. "Miles, can I come in?"

Jesus fucking Christ. Well, this was it. I couldn't hide from her forever. She knocked again, just as softly, really only brushing the door, but with an odd insistence. Something about it, something in her tone of voice, was strange. Off.

"Miles? Miles, I need… We need to talk…" Her voice was hushed, hurt-sounding, raw from the screaming.

"Please… Miles, please…" The sound of her nails clicking against the door, scraping on it lightly, like a stray dog begging to be let in.

Finally, I hopped out of bed and stepped into a pair of sweatpants, carefully stuffing my dick inside even as it oozed more pre-cum. I wiped my hand clean on my pants and went to the door, shirtless. I steeled myself for a moment, then opened it.

Stefanie stood naked in my doorway, face still red from where I'd slapped her, mascara streaks lining her face, eyes wet with tears. She'd let her hair down, and crimson tresses cascaded over her shoulders and down her back, but otherwise she hadn't changed her appearance since the last time I saw her. I was taken aback by her look, my eyes momentarily locked to her prominent, full breasts, sitting proudly on her chest, firm and teardrop-shaped. Even in this state, she was undeniably beautiful. As I looked down further, I noted she still had my cum running down the inside of her leg.

"Stefanie… what…?" I didn't know what to say. I wanted to beg her forgiveness, grovel

at her feet for what I'd done. But at the same time, I felt the same familiar attraction rise in me, just being near her again. Just seeing her… and naked… Looking so fucking fit and delicious…

"Miles… please…" she began, stepping forward haltingly. "I… I need… n-need…"

"Need… what…?" I asked dumbly.

"I don't... Can't explain it," she said. "I can't stop… thinking about you, Miles."

My blood ran cold.

"What do you mean, Stef?"

She looked up and met my gaze with her glistening, beautiful green eyes.

"I mean… I've been thinking about you all day, every day, for weeks now. But… not like I used to… I'm thinking about you in… filthy ways… sick ways… wrong…"

"Holy shit…" I whispered under my breath.

"It's like there's something… drawing me to you, Miles," she said. "I wanna be *with* you. Close to you. And I can't stop fantasizing about… your fucking cock and balls… and your fucking massive cum-loads!"

Fresh tears were streaming down her face as she stepped into my room. I backed up, giving her space. My cock was firming, tenting the front of my baggy sweatpants, and a dark wet spot was forming at the front where I was leaking pre-cum. I felt it running down my leg in rivulets, saturating the fabric.

"What you did to me out there..." - she nodded her head toward the hallway - "…was so fucked up… But… I think a part of me *wanted* it… I know I did…"

"Stef… What are you saying?" I asked, my cock throbbing and pulsing in my pants. As usual, it was way ahead of me.

My sister looked me dead in the face, and the look of need in her eyes, the hunger, was palpable. She looked like a drug addict starving for her next fix.

"I'm saying… I need more, Miles… God help me… I want you to give me more… I want your cock, I want your cum… I want you to stick that big beautiful dick in me and drive me fucking crazy…"

She looked crazed, mad with lust, something I never expected to see from her. She looked down and noticed my erection poking against the front of my sweatpants, the glistening wet spot where pre-cum seeped through.

“I can see you want it too,” she said, smiling sweetly, taking a step toward me. I backed up instinctively, cautiously, and she paused.

“Please, Miles,” she said, sounding totally, convincingly sincere. “I’m begging you. Just this once. Please. I’ll do anything. Please just give me your cum. I want it so bad… I fucking *need* it…”

She dropped to her knees and looked up at me, my hard cock throbbing through my pants, right in front of her face. She reached up and took hold of it through the fabric, beginning a gentle stroking, and I moaned in spite of myself at her touch, my hips bucking once.

“I can feel how hard you are for me,” she said, my sister saying filthy things to me as she gave me an over-the-pants handjob, kneeling on my bedroom floor. “How long have you been hiding this big fucking dick from me, huh?”

She reached up and started to pull the waistband of my sweatpants down, exposing inch after inch of my hardening cock, stretching the elastic to get it over the wrist-thick trunk as it rose, until finally it was free. My dick bounced up wildly, sending flecks of pre-cum flying over Stefanie’s chest, and her eyes went wide as she beheld it up close.

“Holy fucking shit, bro,” she murmured. “You’re hung like a god…”

Before I could respond she took it in both hands, the girth too great for her fingers to fully encircle it, and started jacking me off vigorously, giving me a double-fisted tug job right in front of her face. Any thoughts I might have had of resisting withered and died in that moment, gone and forgotten.

“God, it fucking stinks,” she breathed, eyes locked on the bulbous head, strangled by foreskin. “It smells so strong, Miles. I’ve been smelling it all over the house for weeks… your musk. But up close… I can fucking *taste* your dick and balls and… sperm stink.”

Stef leaned forward and pushed her nose against my piss-slit, inhaling a huge breath through her nostrils and letting out a shuddering moan as she luxuriated in my virile cum-scent. Lost in sensation, she smeared my slimy dick-head all over her face, prodding the bloated helmet against her nose as she continued huffing it like a junkie.

As I watched, dumbfounded, she started jacking me off harder and faster, with my cockhead grinding against her nose. She pulled my foreskin back, letting out more of my concentrated musk, moaning against my dick as she drank it in.

“I wanna taste it,” she said, pouting up at me with my cock in her hands. “I wanna drink your fucking nasty cum-load, Miles. Please let me suck your big fat donkey dick? Please?”

Stunned by her foul, filthy language and naked, shameless lust, I just nodded.

Without hesitation, she leaned in and wrapped her full, pink lips around my bloated, uncircumcised cock-head and began bobbing her head up and down on it, slurping and slobbering all over it, taking almost half of it in her mouth until the huge knob was battering against the entrance to her throat. All the while she was still double-fisting me, jerking me off right up to behind the ridged base of my glans. The feeling was intense and my knees nearly buckled, my hips thrusting involuntarily, as a pulse of heavy cream spurted directly into my sister's mouth, rewarding her efforts. I heard her hum appreciatively and saw her eyes roll back in her head as she swallowed hurriedly, greedily, gulping down the sperm-tinged pre-nut.

I sank one hand into her fiery red hair to balance myself as she gurgled around my cock, drool and pre-cum leaking from her lips down my shaft, her half-lidded eyes looking up at me knowingly. She leaned forward, forcing more of my meat into her mouth, and I felt my spongy cock-head squash up against the back of her throat, the tightness of her esophagus… before pressure drove it downwards, the feeling beyond words. There was a wet squelching sound as I breached her throat and sank my huge cock-head down into it and I grunted with pleasure, pushing forward, gripping her head with both hands now for leverage, sinking nice after inch of wrist-thick cock-meat into the tight, hot channel of my twin sister's gullet.

Stefanie let out a gurgling moan around my cock as I fed it deeper and deeper down her neck, until my huge, bloated balls were smushing against her chin and her cute, upturned nose was crushed against my pelvis. Then, the real throat-fucking began.

I pistoned my cock into my sister's throat with all the power and lack of concern of a mating stallion breeding a mare. With my fingers entwined in her hair, gripping her head with both hands, I slammed her face down onto my dick over and over again, bucking my hips and stuffing my cum-and-drool-slathered cock all the way down her throat with each passionate thrust. Her hands, no longer able to hold onto my cockshaft, went to my thighs, clinging on for stability.

I'd found the satisfying feeling of penetration when I raped my sister's cunt… and now I was discovering it all over again, fucking her face like a pussy because she had *begged me to.* All the while, Stef just gurgled and drooled and gagged on my cock, but I must admit I was impressed she was able to take it all down on that first attempt. Stef was proving to me that she wanted nothing more than to have her throat thoroughly and roughly used by her twin brother as his cock-milking cum dump.

Her lips and jaw were stretched wide in a permanent yawn around my girth, dripping bubbly white spit from the underside. Her eyes were watering as she stared up at me, lovingly, utterly submissive. I felt my cock swell and knew it was belching another syrupy spurt of pre-cum into her, and she swallowed instinctively. My hips flicked forward, drawing a gurgling, choking moan from my sister's throat. A waterfall of spit bubbles poured down her chin as a foot of rampant boy-cock burrowed down her tight throat, pummeling into her again and again.

As I pumped my hips, drawing a quarter of my cock length out of her gullet before

ramming it home again, she accepted my thrusts with gulping, choking sounds. My balls slapped into her chin and neck with each stroke, rhythmically, as she gagged around my obscene girth.

“Ggglchh!” she blubbered around my cock. “Bbbluuurrghh!”

I was speeding up, drawing closer to the precipice, feeling the heat and pressure build again. I remembered that feeling as I’d sprayed her bra and bedspread with cum the day before, the urge to fuck something, and felt so satisfied as I humped my twin sister’s beautiful face, bashing her nose against my hips again and again and again until her eyes crossed deliriously and rolled back in her head.

“Unnnhh fuck, here it comes, sis,” I groaned. “I’m gonna fuckin’… nut!” I slammed Stef’s head all the way down on my dick as it flexed inside her throat, making her neck bulge an obscene amount, like a bullfrog, and my fat, gurgling nuts pulled up tight against her chin, gurgling and churning angrily.

My cock started geysering jelly-thick semen directly down her throat. The muffled, gelatinous spurting and splattering sounds resonated from deep within her gullet, a noisy ejaculation of thick, clotted jism like a firehose spraying porridge into her stomach. I moaned with pleasure, the ecstasy beyond anything, a new level of release and abandon as I used my sister’s body as a cum-dump for the second time that day, disgorging an insane volume of ultra-virile cum jelly into her throat.

I held her head in place, with her nose grinding hard into my pelvis and my twitching, spasming balls pressed firmly against her chin, as I blasted nearly-solid jets of seed down her throat. I was nutting so hard my vision blurred, and my cum-dumpster sister was chugging every single volley of sperm I could shoot, until some of the overflow started spurting out of her nostrils and streaming down her face.

I held her there like that for several minutes, and after a few dozen pulsing blasts of sperm were forcefully fired into Stef’s belly, she looked like she was on the verge of passing out from lack of oxygen. As my cum spurts started to abate and weaken, I disgorged my cock from her yawning throat, drawing the slimy, moist shaft out in fits and starts until my huge, spurting knob popped out from between her lips and burped up a fat, clumpy worm of semen all over her lips.

She flicked her tongue up and down against my dickhole to coax out another big pulse of the hot, stinky seed and so I indulged her, holding her by the hair and casually ejaculating on her face. I shot a few blubbery ropes of jism over her gorgeous features, while the excess nut in her mouth slowly oozed from between her plump, pink, parted lips. I had the distinct feeling that I was marking her as my property as my cum landed on her features, the last ropes fat and dense with backed-up discharge, clumpy with curdled and fermented cum curds.

Stef panted through a sperm-clogged throat as I grunted and milked out the last of my load onto her passive nut-rag face, just as I had into a hundred pairs of underwear in

the past three weeks. When she finally spoke, her voice was phlegmy and warbled with all the cum-gunk stuffing her esophagus.

“Thank you, Miles… Thank you for fucking my throat… I swallowed so much of your cum… Holy fuck… I think I… ohhh, fu— *BLLUUUAAURGHH!!*”

With her stomach packed utterly full of my jism, and with nowhere for the excess to go, Stef hitched and vomited up a huge gout of steaming hot, richly white, pudding-thick jism all over own massive tits, a sight that was both disgraceful and somehow hugely erotic to see.

She looked down with cum-drunk eyes, blubbering through semen-speckled lips, drooling mucusy cum-gunk all over herself, and admired the thick, gooey blanket of my cream coating her chin, down her neck, into her cleavage, and all over her tits. Incredibly, without missing a beat, she started scooping up heaping, steaming handfuls of my nut jelly and stuffing them back into her mouth, chewing and swallowing noisily until she’d gathered and consumed as much as she could. I was reminded of the day I’d watched her eat my load out of the soiled underwear, and it began to sink in that there was something more going on than taboo sibling lust… Something deeper. Stef was behaving like a cum-hungry freak, slurping up my loads obsessively, compulsively, like an addict.

“Jesus fuck it’s so fucking good,” she mumbled, mindlessly shoveling handfuls of clotted cream into her mouth.

“You really like eating my cum, huh, sis?” I asked, watching her feast on my fluids.

“Miles, you don’t understand,” she said, looking up at me with heavy-lidded eyes. “I’ve never tasted anything… Never felt anything like this before. I can’t get enough… Need more… Already… It tastes so… fucking… good…”

I looked down. My cock had remained iron-hard since blowing my load down my sister’s throat. It was still weeping pre-cum in dribs and drabs, and I saw Stef’s attention quickly drawn to it as well. I recognized the total devotion in her eyes then, the mad obsession, and knew instinctively that she would do anything I asked of her.

“I wanna fuck you again, sis,” I said, stroking my cock absently.

“Anything, Miles. Anything,” she replied, without hesitation, looking up at me greedily. She made herself look alluring, kneeling there on the floor, running her hands up her stomach, over her massive tits, letting them rise then fall, bouncing on her chest, smearing my residual cream deeper into her flesh.

I motioned for her to get on the bed and she rose hurriedly, sauntering over to my bedside and cooing as she saw the deposits of cum-gunk that had been left there from the night before. I took her by the arm and turned her around to face me, setting her down on the bed and sliding in next to her. My eyes ran over her gorgeous, cum-soaked

features, down to her glorious, naked breasts. The blush-pink areolae, the nubbins of her swollen, aroused nipples protruding lewdly. My hands came up and cupped each massive mammary, heaps of flesh spilling over my fingers as I gripped her.

Stef mewled at my touch as I groped her shamelessly, kneading and pulling the pliant titflesh. I pawed at her, squeezing her naked breasts, then watching them bounce back to their perfect natural shape. I pinched her nipples, making her squeal… jiggling her titties, watching them bounce wildly, then squeezing them together, forming a wall of cleavage.

"Yours, Miles," she said softly. "It's all yours…"

My cock belched up a load of cream onto her stomach in response, prodding into her toned midriff, and she reached down, taking me in hand. She bit her lower lip, looking so fucking cute as she guided the apple-sized cockhead down between her legs, pressing against the wet outer folds of her cunt.

"You already took my pussy once… by force," she hissed, staring into my eyes as she jacked my cock slowly. "You *made* me yours, Miles. So go on. Take what's yours."

Her filthy words, combined with her gentle stroking of my pole, made me tense and blast a few splattering ropes onto her exposed cunt. She shuddered and her legs opened wide, bracing herself against my cum-soaked bed. I lined my cock up with her pussy, feeling a little more confident this time, holding one of her legs back, pressing her knee up to her shoulder. Then, with a grunt and a meaty squelching sound, I began to tunnel into her, inch by inch.

She bit her finger to keep from screaming, whining high and long as my long, slick, monster cock slid into her. I could see the bulge forming in her tight lower abdomen as I pressed further and further in, and she clutched the sheet covers beside her, trembling. Once I had pushed all the way in, hilting myself in her sloppy cunt, my dickhead crushed against the back walls of her cervix, I started to build a rhythm, pulling and pumping, pulling and pumping. My hands gripped her full tits, sinking deep into the flesh, and Stef's legs wrapped around me, her hips bucking.

"Ouuuhh, Miles," she keened. "I'm f-fucking… cummingggg!"

Amazed at this immediate response, I kept up the rhythm, fucking down into her like a jackhammer as she bucked beneath me, pulling out to just the tip before slamming my entire girth into her, balls-deep, again and again and again and again.

I held her by her red hair and she looked into my face, smiling sweetly, then caressing my cheek.

"I love you, Miles," she breathed.

"You're a fucking… cum-slut, sis," I grunted, fucking her hard.

“God, I know… I fucking knowwww!” she cried, cumming again as she admitted it.

She put her arms around me and let me fuck her as hard as I wanted, and I railed her out viciously in the cum-soaked sheets of my bed, enjoying the way her breasts bounced wildly with every powerful thrust. I pounded her, making the bed creak and shudder, slamming into the wall separating our rooms again and again.

Stef’s eyes rolled up as she gasped, moaned, and whooped, my cock driving ever harder, ever deeper, into her pussy. My dick-head was sputtering a stream of pre-cum near-constantly, painting her insides.

“Fuck me fuck me fuck meee!!” she wailed, legs cinching around my waist, drawing me in tight. I held her by the shoulders and hammer-fucked her, driving her into the bed, watching as her face took on a stupid, infantile look — her eyes crossing, tongue lolling out of a gaping mouth. The lips of her abused cunt clung wetly to my shaft, stretching away from her body with each out stroke, refusing to let me go.

When I hilted myself one final time, I collapsed onto my sister, squashing her tits beneath my chest, and shot my cum into her spasming, sucking pussy. My gigantic balls drew up against the base of my shaft and my cock swelled within her before discharging gout after gout of hot white cum, spewing finger-thick ropes of sperm, blasting straight into her womb and coiling up like toothpaste.

The sound was audible, a muffled but undeniable *splllluuuuort* from within her body. My balls churned and gurgled joyously, emptying themselves of the built-up, chowder-thick sperm they produced non-stop, even while I slept. Stefanie twitched and blinked as she was wracked with non-stop mini-orgasms, each plume of cum inside her triggering another searing climax until her brain was fried and she passed out beneath me. Her head lolled to the side, her eyes unfocused, and the only sound in the room was the gurgling and churning as my throbbing cock expelled its endless load of lumpy, chunky, backed-up seed into her cunt.

When I pulled out, she sighed and lay spread-eagle, mind-fucked into oblivion. But I wasn’t finished… In fact, it felt like I was already on the verge of another mighty climax, the heat and pressure building swiftly. I looked down at my sister’s beautiful body, knowing it was mine, all mine, and my huge nuts pulled up tight in my ballsack. My foot-long cock flexed in my hand and I groaned as it prepared to ejaculate again.

I started blasting enormous volleys of piping-hot jism all over my sister’s flat stomach, mountainous tits, and beautiful face. Massive, arcing jets of scalding hot, pungently stinky sperm splattered onto her naked flesh, the undersides of her fat, jiggling tits, all over her neck, her chin, her face, into her hair, and all over the bedsheets behind her. She lay still, unconscious, and when the surge had passed I flipped her over onto her stomach and spread her legs, just as I had in the hallway earlier in our first encounter.

I plunged back into her sopping wet and sloppy cum-stuffed cunt, sinking into her

happily, steadying myself against her back as she mumbled something unintelligible in her half-sleep stupor. Almost immediately, I was cumming again, even more thick, virile spunk shooting up through the root of my prick to plaster the walls of her pussy all over again. The feeling was intense, an unending wave of pleasure as I fucked her unconscious body. I don't know how long it lasted or how many times I came, but the orgasm felt like it lasted for hours, and when it was over I simply slumped over my sister and passed out, cock still firmly lodged inside her.

Chapter 8:
Sibling Dynamics

My dreams that night were surreal and stranger than ever — I saw Stefanie, saw her naked, saw the two of us together, saw her in bed with other women, many women… Then I saw her morph and change into someone else, a more mature adult woman, also a red-head, also beautiful and voluptuous, but someone I didn't know. Or did I? She seemed familiar somehow…

I came awake slowly, groggily, to the pleasurable sensation of wet suction on the end of my prick. The room was filled with slurping, smucking sounds, and as early morning light trickled through the window blinds, I looked down to see I was lying on my back, with Stefanie kneeling between my legs, blowing me while I slept. Fresh cum dribbled from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth and I presumed she'd been at it for some time.

I smiled. My nocturnal emissions had become a messy nightly affair, but Stefanie had been there to take the loads I pumped out while I was asleep, swallowing it all down greedily without me even having to ask. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and glassy and she seemed half-asleep herself, locked in the trance-like task of pleasuring me and feeding on my cream, latched onto me like a mindless leech.

"Stefanie," I said gently, but she didn't respond. "Stefanie."

She blinked and seemed to rouse from her stupor, looking up at me with adoring eyes. She withdrew slowly — oh so slowly — from my prick, slurping all the way up, dragging her puffy pink lips along the veiny length until they were pursed around the very end of my swollen cock-head. She kissed it lovingly and pulled back, smiling.

"Couldn't help myself," she said sheepishly, sitting back on her haunches. "You just taste so good."

My jaw dropped as I beheld her.

"Stef… Holy shit… W-what… happened to you?"

"Huh? She looked at me quizzically.

Overnight, Stefanie's body had visibly… evolved. My sister had been gorgeous already, but now the girl sitting before me was some sort of enhanced, ultra-sexualized version of herself. Her lips were noticeably fuller, plumper, poutier, giving her a heightened bimbo look. Her hips were rounder, her waist somehow narrower, emphasizing her hourglass figure. Her thighs were thick and full as she knelt before me amid the sheets, flesh piling up at the juncture of her hips in an appealing way. I could see her ass had swelled too, visible even from the front, bulging out behind her flared hips.

And her breasts… Good lord, her tits. They had grown easily two or three cup sizes overnight, hanging heavy on her chest but retaining their perfect teardrop shape, swaying and jiggling with every slight movement. Formerly a set of spectacular DDs, they were now probably closer to F or G cups. My cock involuntarily spurted a plume of clumpy, thick jism as I beheld them for the first time, and Stef giggled as my discharge plopped wetly onto her thighs.

"Oh… yeah," she said, looking down to regard her new, bimbo-fied body. "I guess my titties got a little bigger? Do you like them?"

"You look amazing," I said, and it was true. Stef was practically glowing. Her hair looked rich and thick, her eyes were bright… even her complexion seemed clearer. Dimly, I realized she reminded me even more of Mary Jane Watson. In the back of my mind I was cataloguing the changes and noting the effects it seemed my cum had on her physiology, trying to wrap my brain around my powers. And for the first time, I truly began to think of them as powers.

I reached forward and caressed the vast curve of one heaving breast, marveling at its size, its softness, its shape. Then I roughly palmed it, fingers sinking into the pliable flesh, making Stef mewl with pleasure, biting her puffy pink lip, arching her back to push her chest out against my groping hand, feeding more titflesh between my questing fingers.

The puzzle pieces were all starting to come together in my mind. There had been too many strange, unnatural occurrences, too many coincidences. It had started with the sudden, overnight growth of my cock, an impossible thing. Paired with that, my swollen testicles, the hyperactive sperm production, the constant need to unload, to cum. And the musk, the scent of my fluids, of my balls… To me, a minor annoyance, but from the first day it had clearly attracted Stefanie, drawing her into my room, bringing her dangerously close to exposing my condition at the outset.

She'd been drawn to it incessantly since then, coming into my room unannounced and uninvited several times, including instances when I wasn't in the room… but my leftover cum-loads, left in tube socks and dirty underwear, or glued beneath my sheets, were. And like a moth to the flame, she'd come. As the female with the most exposure to my musk, she'd spiraled quickly, hungrily consuming my loads in an act of almost… inconceivable depravity.

This was a version of the same behavior exhibited by the girls in my school who

followed me, unknowingly, from class to class. Drawn, no doubt, by the power of my musk, but never close enough or for a sustained period of time, so they drifted away, ultimately unaffected. My mind briefly lingered on the image of Alana Blair, queen bitch of the senior class, loitering outside my US History classroom, unaware that some deep-rooted biological imperative controlled her actions, subverting her own free will without her even knowing it. For some reason, I thought of honeybees or dogs, who mark their territory or attract their mates with pheromones. Didn't the same thing happen with people? With me it was just… amplified.

And now, with Stefanie, the circle had been closed. Weeks, months of teasing, consummated by a clumsy and brutal first fuck, undeniably a rape… but she had come back not an hour or two later, begging for more. My mind reeled again at the surreal events of the previous evening, the marathon of sex leaving us both exhausted, my sister pumped full of cum from both ends, physically and emotionally drained. My relationship with my sister would never be the same. It had become something else, something twisted and primal. Was she my girlfriend now? No, that didn't seem like quite the right word.

But the body modification… that was new. I still had a lot to learn about my powers. But things were starting to make sense. I had seen what my cream could do to a girl like my sister, and I knew now what I was capable of. Worst of all, perhaps, I'd learned that there were no repercussions for something as vile and taboo as committing rape. Instead, I had been *rewarded* with the greatest gift imaginable — my sister, a willing sex-toy, my perfect mate, an eager cum-hungry slut ready to oblige my every whim.

Stefanie was panting as I groped her now, squashing and squeezing her tits, her eyes heavy-lidded, her hands coming forward to grip my pole as it rose and stiffened to full erection before her. The piss-slit burped and spurted fat mini-loads that fell back onto my pole, slathering it and making it slick for her pumping hands.

"You like these big fat tits?" she hissed, eyes locked on mine as she double-fisted my meat. My only response was to tense, my cock flexing in my hands before spitting a ribbon of white-hot cum that painted a zig-zag line over her upper chest, sloppily decorating the curvature of her breasts.

"Let me show you what they can do," she smirked, bending at the waist, lowering herself down toward my lap. My cock trembled, rumbling like an active volcano as she hefted one heavy breast in each palm… then simply engulfed my shaft, burying my tool beneath an avalanche of jelly-soft titflesh. They were so fat they spilled over her palms as she squeezed and pressed them together around my length.

I caught my breath as my member, thick and diamond-hard, disappeared between her two pillowy breasts. Immediately, she began sinking down onto it, over and over, fucking my cock with her cleavage, rocking back and forth with her titties pancaked around my dick, crushing it. As if registering my approval, my cock belched up another gargantuan load of pre-cum, oozing up out of the valley of cleavage, and my hips bucked, fucking against her chest.

She clutched at her creamy globes, gripping them, sinking her fingers into the pillowy softness, and slid them up and down my cum-slick member, milking my cock in an obscene display of devotion. As she jostled her mysteriously augmented titties up and down, sometimes the tip of my cock would break out from the top, foreskin stretched taut over the angry, beet-red tip, cum-slit winking and drooling fresh cream all the time. Her fat tits slapped against my thighs with a repeating *plap… plap… plap…*

She paused with her tits at their apex, squashed around my glans, and held my gaze with lustful eyes as she sank slowly down onto my cock, my helmet-shaped cockhead emerging from her cleavage. The fat, teardrop shapes of her breasts squashed against my thighs and piled up over her hands, her fingers lost int he fatty tissue of her massive titties, as the friction pulled my foreskin back, revealing the unwashed base of my prick-head. Stefanie went to it like a magnet, gluing her nose to the ridge of my glans and breathing deeply, eyelids fluttering as she moaned like a whore at the scent. I noted her reaction, even in the throes of passion, her insatiable lust for my musk, a sort of deep-set biological drive she couldn't repress. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her tongue hung out of her mouth, drool dripping down onto her cum-decorated titties as she sniffed and snuffled around my musky, foul-smelling prick.

Stefanie resumed her titty-fucking and when my dick next emerged from the deep cleft of her cleavage, a welcome glob of pre-cum formed on the tip. She dipped and pressed her tongue flat against my cockhead, eliciting a small gasp from me at the sensation as she licked and slavered over my hyper-sensitive glans. I clutched the sheets beside me, shards of ecstasy slicing into me like glass as her tongue dipped into my piss-slit, questing, searching, scooping out more sperm-rich pre-nut.

She hunched down over my lap with her lips latched onto the end of my prick, her cheeks concave as she started to suck my cock again in earnest, her titties smashed around the jutting length in a loving embrace, their perfect round shape distorted as the squashed and smushed against each other. She developed a new rhythm, tit-fucking me with short, insistent thrusts as she sucked continuously, mindlessly, slavishly.

As I watched with disbelief, my beautiful twin sister opened her mouth wide to take my dickhead fully into her mouth, gagging pathetically as she sank down, her jaw straining wide to accommodate my girth. I reached out, putting a hand on the ack of her head, sinking into her fiery red hair, pushing her down farther, my cock sliding into the back of her throat with a wet *GLUCK.*

Stef gurgled wetly and drooled all over my cock as I flexed and disgorged a torrent of white-hot pre-cum that shot down into her stomach like a firehose. She gagged, then coughed up a big blast of spit and pre-cum all over my dick… mucusy sperm drooling out of her nose and the corners of her mouth.

Then, to my surprise, Stefanie reached underneath her titties and grasped my two tangerine-sized balls and squeezed hard, as if demanding my cum. My hips bucked involuntarily and I gasped, crossing the line instantly, like a rocket taking off. My cock

swelled in her throat before it simply… burst. The sound was audible to us both, a sickening *spluuurggt* as the first blast escaped, pumping an ungodly amount of hot, chowdery spunk directly into her. Stef started swallowing valiantly as I came, my mind blanking out, her hands massaging my balls lovingly but insistently. The pleasure was intense, her titties crushing my cock so hard that the cum felt obstructed in my shaft, sluggishly traveling up from the root of my prick before rushing out all at once in a rapid-fire salvo, straight down her throat.

I gripped my sister by the hair, holding on for dear life as I blasted jet after finger-thick jet of clotted white sperm into her passive throat and stomach. I was shooting so hard that I could hear the powerful, wet sounds of my own cock pissing cum into her belly. Excess spunk erupted from her throat, seeping out of her nose and mouth and drooling down over my vast cockshaft.

For minutes on end, I ejaculated an endless fountain of sperm down Stefanie's throat. She took all that she could, gulping determinedly, working her tits up and down as if guiding more cum up from the base of my prick into her hungry mouth. I watched her work through a haze of orgasmic bliss, amazed at the woman my sister had become just since yesterday. Things would never be the same. How could they?

When my orgasm finally trailed off and my cock softened, my discharge abating to a meager dribble of sperm-tinged cream, my muscles relaxed and I lay back, sated. But Stef remained latched onto my prick, sucking diligently, making me squirm as her tongue danced over my hyper-sensitive post-cum cockhead. I let her drive me to several more mini-climaxes over the next 30 minutes, and each time she greedily slurped up the chunky, clumpy, chowder-thick cum reward with an appreciative moan.

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And that's how we spent that first morning. Luckily it was a Sunday, because neither of us was in the headspace to go to school. I don't think we even left my bedroom.

On Monday we dragged our exhausted bodies back to Keystone Academy. I knew some of our classmates commented on Stef's physical transformation, but it wasn't as big a controversy as I had worried it might be. Some students snickered about underage girls getting boob-jobs, but that was it. And then once the final bell rang and we were back home… it was on.

Our parents were together on a riverboat cruise in Europe, so we had the house to ourselves long-term. We fucked in every room. We fucked in my bed, her bed, our parents' bed, the shower, the living room, on the kitchen counter, out by the pool… Stopping only to eat and drink and recharge. I always wanted more of Stef's body, and she never denied me.

We would sleep wherever we passed out from exhaustion, usually with my cock still buried in her sloppy, cum-stuffed pussy, knowing that I would shoot huge wet-dream cum-loads into her, even in my sleep. And if one of us woke up in the middle of the

night, we could immediately resume fucking. It was insane.

Stef had become completely submissive, a wiling sex-kitten, indulging my every fantasy readily, without question. I bought lingerie for her, and she wore it. I made her dress up like a schoolgirl, in pigtails and a plaid miniskirt. I made her dress up like a cheerleader. I put porn on the 106" flatscreen in the living room and played it at full volume while I fucked her from behind, bent over the couch. I made her call me "Daddy." "Sir." "Master."

After that, I started to test the limits of Stef's devotion. I'd begun to suspect that she had something like an addiction to my cum, that my pheromones were subverting her free will. I knew that she loved me, but there was obviously something else going on, something chemical. And I couldn't be sure how it was affecting me, of course — I didn't know if it was strictly one-way.

But I knew this… As much as I loved Stefanie, as much as I looked forward to using and abusing her ripe body at the end of every day… My eyes were wandering. I was thinking about other girls, other women, sometimes even while fucking Stef. I was thinking about Alana Blair, loitering outside my classroom. The gaggle of girls, following me in the hallway, dumbly unaware of the true motivations of their actions. I was wondering: what are my limits?

And so I tested my sweet sister. I held out on her, made her beg. It was a fun game at first for us both, almost replicating those early days before our first fuck — the flirting, the teasing… but then she started to really beg, and I saw the panic in her eyes, the hunger, the desperation… My suspicions were confirmed. She was behaving like an addict. She *needed* my cum. I didn't *need* her.

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One night, two weeks or so after our first night together, we lay together in our parents' bed, entwined in each others arms, on the edge of sleep. Stef had been fucked out of her mind, I knew, and was only half-conscious. But my mind was still spinning, going a mile a minute. Planning. Scheming.

"Homecoming is next week," I murmured softly, into her ear.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah," she said. "Wanna be my date?"

"Absolutely," I smiled, kissing her cheek.

A pause.

"Who do you think is gonna be homecoming queen?" I asked. As the more popular student, Stefanie would be in the know.

"Mm, not sure," she said dreamily. "Probably Alana Blair or Madison Albright. Madison's dating Brad Wilcox, the quarterback, so the two of them together are a good bet for

royalty."

I took this in, picturing Madison Albright in my mind. Just like Stefanie, a redhead. Big tits, big ass… liked to shake it on the dance floor at basketball games. Super-hot, super-rich. Beauty queen good looks. Senior. Her boyfriend, the star quarterback.

I obviously hadn't been planning to attend the homecoming dance. In fact, as a freshman, I technically couldn't unless I was invited by a junior or a senior. But at that moment, in bed with Stefanie, I decided I *would* be going.

And I was going to fuck the homecoming queen.

Then, after that...? The sky was the limit.

To Be Continued…